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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

Marriage Promises in England.

Courships in England are short and engagements are long. No sooner is it understood that a young man and woman are in love than it is given out that they are engaged. The American customs of leaving young men and women free to associate together and keep company with each other for an indefinite length of time without declaring their intentions is almost unknown to any country of Europe. It is not long after a young man begins to show the daughter attentions before the father gives intimation that he wishes to know what it means, and either the youth declares his intentions or is notified to "cut sticks." Whatever the advantages of the English view of this matter may have, it has, at least, one most obvious disadvantage, and that is it leads to engagements upon too short an acquaintance, and it makes of the engagement the courtship time rather than as a mere preparation for marriage. When once engaged the young people are thrown together in the freest fashion and may be left to themselves at all times and in all places almost as though they were man and wife. In the general society of America marriage is deemed the vitally important event in life, but in England society the engagement is looked upon as the most important, and really is a sort of first stage in matrimony, or the personal uniting of the lives only awaiting the legal ceremony. —[London Letter.]

The Latest Things in Stockings.

Have you seen the latest thing in stockings? They are simply excruciating. They are meant for Summer wear, but the hosiery mills are already turning out extensive orders. What are they like? Imagine a silk stocking—tight-fitting, shapely, elegant—then imagine that stocking knit in fine but open net-work. There you have it. They are long and reach to the thigh, and come in various colors, with black, dark blue and maroon in greatest demand. The effect of this net-work on a shapely feminine limb is something exquisite. The leg is perfectly encased, yet cool, while through the delicate tracery of the net-work the warm-tinted flesh blushes suggestively. I confess they are not the thing for bad weather—or a windy day, for that matter—but the demand is bound to be large, especially as the price is much less than the regulation silk stocking. Already I hear the girls whispering about the latest novelty in hosiery, and in a few weeks the net-work stocking will be the talk of the beauty's boudoir. —[Philadelphia Record.]

The fact that the skating rinks in Boston are robbed of all danger owing to the pantslets which the cultured girls wear when skating, affords a moral text to the *Saturday Gazette* of that city. But this is not as fresh a piece of rectitude on their part as our contemporary thinks. If we mistake not, it was a cultured Boston girl who put pantslets on the legs of her grand piano when the minister called. The simple fact is that the feet and ankles of Boston culture are not made for exhibition, and no one knows it so well as the Boston girl. Rinks, on the other hand, are supposed to be a provision of nature for the exhibition of ankles.

A BARE SWINDLE.—The accidental stocking is something so new that probably you haven't yet heard of it. It is essentially a fraud. It is so stitched by its wily wearer that a wrinkle is made and kept across the ankle. This looks as though the fastening at the top had let go its grip and the article was in danger of dropping clear down around the gaiter. Therefore when a whisk of the skirt reveals the seeming accident, the observer's attention is transfixed. However great his sympathetic agitation may be, the fair swindler maintains the placidity of a soul quite satisfied. —[Clara Balle.]

A box was discovered in one of the Treasury vaults containing a bottle of diamonds, a bottle of pearls, a bottle of otter of roses and a lump of gold. One of the older employees identified the articles as presents of President Monroe, about the year 1823, from the Japanese Government, and which had been stored in the Treasury pending the passage of the act of Congress authorizing their acceptance. Congress failed to legislate on the subject, and the articles were deposited in the Treasury, where they have remained ever since.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and "Liver Complaint?" Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At these symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, weakness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Blood, bleeding and itching piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense itching and affording a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stage.

A Good Indorser.

The Secretary of War, Mr. Endicott, has notified the clerks in his department that they must pay the debts contracted on account of their official position or leave. This reminds us of a fact which has come down to us. There was an impecunious lawyer in Nashville, but a warm friend of Gen. Jackson, who followed the old hero to Washington in 1829, and was given a clerkship. This clerk contracted debt after debt with boarding-house keepers, and often forgot to pay their bills. At last a lady to whom he owed one hundred dollars went to Gen. Jackson and spread the case before him. "Why don't you take his note?" asked the President. "That will not do any good," she replied, "for he will never pay it." "Yes he will," rejoined the President; "go and get his note and bring it here to me." The clerk, on being informed by the lady that she wanted his note, very readily gave it. On her return to the Presidential mansion with the note the President took and wrote across the back in large letters, Andrew Jackson. Whereupon he told her to present it to such a broker and he would give her the money for it. She went, and was successful. Some days thereafter she let the clerk know that she had got the money on his note. He opened his eyes in astonishment, and exclaimed, "How in the h—l did you get money on my note?" "Oh, I had a good indorser," said she. "And who was such a d—d fool as to indorse my note he inquired. The response was Gen. Jackson. The clerk squatted in agony, and suffice it to say that he promptly paid the note. It was shrewdly suspected at the same time that he knew full well which side his bread was buttered. —[C. J.]

What Men Fall in Love With.

"Men fall in love, they say with beauty, with goodness, with gentleness, with intellectual qualities, with a sweet voice, with a smile, with an agreeable manner, with a lovable disposition, with many ascertainable and measurable things, and yet we find them continually falling in love with women who are not beautiful, nor good, nor wise nor gentle nor possessing any ascertainable or measurable thing. You'll find a hundred reasons given for falling in love, and really the right reason—which is commonly simply because he can not help it. He is in love because a mysterious force in nature has touched him. The woman may be beautiful, but heartless, selfish, cruel, untrue, coarse, frivolous, empty, but if the magic of nature—something of the magic I suspect that Puck used on the eyes of Titania—touches him, he sees no one of these things in their true aspect. Yes, the Titanias that have fallen in love with donkey heads and the men that have fallen in love with serpents, thinking them doves are many—and all because of a diabolism, or a mystic fury in nature that delights in bringing incongruous elements together for the sake of a dance of delirium."

It is noted that fifty colonists left Castle Garden yesterday for Lincoln county, Ky. Opinions must have changed out that way in the last fifteen years. It was in 1879, when Joe Blackburn was a member of the lower House and John G. Carlisle was President of the Senate, that the Kentucky Legislature sat down on an Immigration Bill with a vigor that surprised its promoters. It was incontinently killed by a speech from the member from Lincoln—or one of the adjoining counties. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am opposed to this bill. Have any of you got any more land than you want? No. Then if you haven't what do you want a lot of Europeans coming in here and taking land that belongs to Kentuckians? I move to strike out the enactment clause." And stricken out it was. —[N. Y. Herald.]

Here is a significant historical reminiscence. Six hundred and ten years before the Christian era Necho, a king of Egypt, attempted to make a canal between the Gulf of Arabia and the Mediterranean Sea. The essay was abandoned the following year, after costing, according to Herodotus, the lives of 12,000 men. Another Egyptian canal, and the rights appertaining to it, seems likely to lead to the sacrifice of many more lives after the expiration of twenty five centuries.

A New York actress has "leaped at one bound into the realm of fame" by appearing on the stage before an audience in her bare feet. This fashion of nudity on the stage seems to have reached the other extreme. Lydia Thompson, a score of years ago, also "leaped at one bound into the realm of fame," but we believe she wore shoes—and not much else.

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THE BROTHERS.

An Entertaining and Instructive Serial Story.

Written Expressly for the Interior Journal.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS.

"Do you remember the night I went away from home, Stephens?" went away to make enough money to marry that serpent? —I thought her an angel then—how you cried over me that night, Stephens. You told me then that she was heartless and didn't love me, but I went away believing her the loveliest and truest woman in the world. How hard I worked in my new field; toiled among loathsome diseases; sat up night after night with wild, delirious patients, braved every danger to gain wealth enough for her and considered it a privilege to work thus for her. Wore thoughts of love and her around everything; I never dined in my chair, for that was all the sleep I got for a long time, but I dreamed of her, wrote page after page of foolishness that only a maniac would write; bah, what a fool!"

"I thought of home coming as wealth began to come to me; pictured the joy my presence would give her after my five years of absence. I had not written for some little time, wanting to make her joy at my coming the more complete. I had denied myself every pleasure except that of gaining wealth, every dime was carefully hoarded, no man dressed so poorly or lived so cheaply. And after all, after the five years of drudgery and self denial I came back, bought this house suitably furnished to please her, then went to her home to tell it all, the labor, self denial and faithfulness. She was not at home the servant told me, at church. Well I would go there; I could feast my eyes upon her when she did not know it, mark the change, if any in her looks. I hurried there, saw her kneeling at the altar with my cousin and trusted friend, Ben Cligney. I was weak any way from my long confinement in sick rooms and hospitals and the hard work I had gone through, so when I saw her kneeling there I felt drunk and staggered and fell. They brought me home and when I waked you were crying over me, Stephens. Never mind crying again," as the woman at the table slowly wiped her eyes on her cotton apron. "She married Ben Cligney because he was rich; he lost it all and left her a widow and poor, while I, who made it a point to get rich, have prospered. No one knows better than you, Stephens, that I have not been unjust to a human being. I never took a shilling that wasn't honestly mine. They say I'm uncharitable, so I am but not unjust. She wanted me to be rich and so I am, ha! ha! and she is poor, no doubt; how it must torture her treacherous soul to know what she has missed, if she does know it. They went to another State and I haven't seen her since; have you ever heard from her Stephens? you used to be so fond of her."

The old woman shook her head. "Well, let her rest in peace wherever she may be; you and I will live here Stephens for the balance of our lives. If I die first you shall be well cared for."

Silence a while, broken only by the sound of Dr. Cligney's step as he walked to and fro. Presently he stopped at the hearth. "Has Johnson paid the rent on that mill? He said he would be here to-day."

"Yes, master, he told me to tell you he wouldn't wait next year, the rent was too high."

"Well, I never big a man to do what he don't want to; the mill can wait until it's wanted at my price. Go to bed, Stephens."

The woman rose with a sigh and went up to her own little room over the kitchen. There was no light there of any kind but the little which came in through the window where the winter stars looked coldly down on the old face lifted to them. She stood there a long time and thought:

How could she have preferred Ben Cligney to Mr. Mark? He was rich, but selfish and unprincipled. She was so beautiful too, and with such a gracious way about her. There may have been force used or tales told about her. I wish I could know how it really was and tell master, I believe he would be a better man if he could think that the world was not so base. I wonder if it will ever be known? I hope so and yet I can't see how.

Ah! Stephens! how many of us look forward through the lonely night and like the children in Comus pray for some stream of light to guide us to our Cynosure, then like you stand still with folded hands and wait and wait.

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVING HOME.

Terms were completed with the two gentlemen at Lexington, Baxter & Chatter by name, for Henry to enter school and he began making his preparations accordingly.

Edward had started to the male school in Danville. He would be with his mother at nights as protection and help her mornings and evenings.

The days following found Mrs. Graham very busy preparing Henry's clothes; very plain clothes for a college student, but nicely chosen and carefully made. Every suit he tried on made him look handsomer than the other, so thought the mother, brother and the Irish hired girl, Kit.

"He'll be the handsomest, bonniest lad there, mam, shure!" said the admiring Kit, "the loikes o' him I never did see. I'd loike to see him outshine them Lexington chaps with their high farloutin airs."

"He will stand a poor chance against them in dress, I fear," said the mother smiling, "sons of wealth are there, but my boy will be noble and sensible and that is of more worth than outside appearance."

"His goin' away and your feelings, mam, for I can see how you grieve, although you are so bright to him, reminds me of my own sweet heart what went to sea. Jim Banks was as loikely a lad as ever you see, mam, his mither, poor soul, said to me, when we watched the Hornet sail, a noble and gude lad is leaving us Kit, and smit tells me he'll ne'er coom back." I can see her now, a sartin there, bestin the grounds with her hands a cryin' loike her heart would break, and she were right; the ship never coom back, and I ha' not heard from Jim since, said poor Kit wiping the tears from her face.

"Never mind, Kit, he may yet come there is always hope. Where is the mother?"

"At York, New York, you all call it. I came here wi' a lady I was stayin' wi' and here I am still. She, bish mither, promised to write to me if she heard from Jim. I went to Dr. Cligney's to get him to write to her for me the other day. I haven't heard from her for so long I'm afraid she's dead. What's the matter, mam? she cried, seeing a startled look on Mrs. Graham's face, "you haven't heard he was dead?"—alarmed herself now.

"Oh, no! I never heard of him before, Kit," said Mrs. Graham stitching away for some time in silence. "What did you say was the gentleman's name who wrote your letter?" still stitching diligently.

"Dr. Cligney! he lives by himself in a big stone house not so very far from here, but on another pike. You can see the tops of the trees in his yard," said Kit, pointing from the window to where a group of trees were outlined against the sky. A queer man; people do say he was crossed in love and that has soured him. He treats me very well though; I've no objection to him. He's got a white woman servant named Stephens, a heathenish sort of name but a clever enough woman."

"Did you say that he was never married?" asked the lady.

"He, none and never will, I'd loike to see a woman try to get Dr. Cligney. They wouldn't feel like tryin' any one else. He don't like women and don't want em around."

"Yonder comes Edward home from school," said Mrs. Graham glancing from the window. "How do you like your school?" she asked, when he had put his books down and kissed her, then drawing his seat to her side he asked her a dozen questions of how had she done without him, if she hadn't missed him greatly; that he had her and wished his school days were over that he might never leave her. "I wish you were a school teacher, mother, that I might go to you."

He liked his school, he told her, the teachers were nice and kind to him, as were nearly all the boys. "There are girls going, too, several of them young ladies, and one so very beautiful, mother; I never saw an angel half so beautiful."

"You never saw any kind of an angel, did you my son?"

"I've seen pictures of them and she had their sweet expression, but no wings of course," laughed the boy. "I'm glad she hasn't; I don't want her to fly away. She is so kind in her ways, mother, she said that she was glad to know me and hoped that I would come to school as long as she did."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Graham in some surprise.

"Julia Daraleigh!"

The time had now arrived for Henry to leave home, this was Tuesday, he would take the train Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. His clothes were already packed in his trunk with his books, among which was placed a little pocket bible.

"Never forget it and your prayers before you sleep," his mother had told him. "It will be a different life from any you have ever led and fuller of temptations. Remember your father's teachings and mine."

They sat up late that night talking as people do who are about to separate for a long time, wishing to say a great deal, and saying it too, but not all they wish.

Mrs. Graham was not a woman to display much emotional feeling, and although she greatly regretted the loss of her son, was very calm and cheerful.

But Edward hung on his brother's chair full of regretful words and tears. "What shall I do without you, brother? I can't study or sleep or eat without you, I am sure."

Kit wept bountifully; everything that night reminded her of Jim Banks' going off. Henry told his mother not to get up next morning and took her in his arms and bade her an affectionate good bye, shook hands with the kind-hearted Kit, then with Edward went to his room.

The next morning when he and Edward came softly down stairs for fear of waking their mother, they found her already dressed and awaiting them. A little table with hot rolls and coffee was ready for him and after partaking of this and repeating the adieu of the night before he left in time to catch the train for Lexington.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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